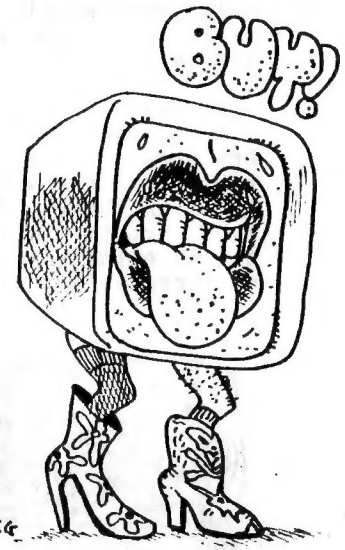
COMIX WORLD 235. August, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, POB 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Guy Colwell making the rounds with his paintings this summer. You can see them at the San Francisco Arts Festival, August 1-5, out at Fort Mason, at La Peña in Berkeley, August 6-31. Guy, author of the Inner City Romance Comic series, embodies the sixties experience in his paintings, a man with a unique style; check out the show.* Who got the jump on the Olympics but Iowa's Kurt Wilcken with his 02 LITTLE KNOWN OLYMPIC SPORTS. Some very funny gags. $1 pp from 1411 Wilson, Ames, IOWA 50010.* What do I like about the minis? The gross, zany, spontaneous natural quality of the art appeals to me; the minis are not overly embellished or rendered, not "finished" at all in a technical sense.. I guess it's that fast rough quality I like most, but I might answer the question differently tomorrow. It is through comics that we maintain our link with childhood, our continuity with the imagination of our culture. But $14 bucks to get into Disneyland! It's true. I was down there a couple of days ago and that's what they wanted. Just to get in the gate. $5 for a hamburger at the hotel coffee shop. Greed everywhere. Smog and money. All those acres of stinking asphalt. No illusions here. Mickey Mice cost high. Walt would turn over in his grave if he knew how the poor have been phased out.* Hey, if you're into high school minis (no adults only hogmash), drop an SASE to Randy Paske, 656 Birch Lane, Gilbert, MN 55741. Send a buck and he'll send you a few. Find out how the new generation thinks.* I got this in the mail, "What is this art all about anyway? What is it for? If it doesn't say something, what good is it? If it negates rather than affirms human value--well? I can accept art for its own sake, but that is not the reality of comic art, which is inherently didactic, built on plot, character and action, it always makes a point--if violent, it says violence is the way to deal with life's problems. If it mixes sex with violence, it advocates violent sex. Sometimes animal behavior is funny and sometimes it isn't. In the real world, no bird or mouse is a match for a hungry cat. Actually, after eating Jerry the mouse, Tom Cat would be gassed at the old Pound." Them's tough words. You violence advocates in the Kentucky mafia gonna sit still for that?* Well, I gotta go to Nebraska sometime in October; I always seem to be there for the opening of the football season. It's shopping mall culture, not real life at all, rather synthetic life. People shop where the air is filtered and cooled, where they can listen to imitation music played on machines that are color-coded by people who can't read a note; Lincoln is run by an agri-business power structure which controls everything. There is no dissent. Football games are actually piped into the Hinky-Dinky stores and senior citizens cafeterias and nobody even protests that bullshit--you'd better like football or else. Once a year I sneak into town, visit my mother at her condo at the edge of town, then jet back to California and reassume my life.* See that little Holman character down there listening to some real music? Earphones are like defence against muzak and I think half the people in Berkeley are wearing them around these days. Anyway, some of you cartoonists out there send me some little characters with your own style stamped on them; help me spice up this newsletter a bit this year. No backgrounds.* Oh, my new one (with Par Holman's inks and one assist by John Howard) is ANOTHER LI'L BOOK OF BIG TITS. 50/stamp. C.G.



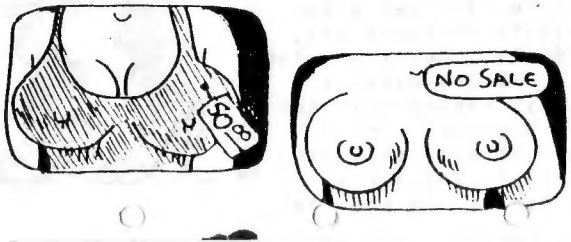
Turns out Miss America has a body. And she gets fired for it. Why? You can't make any money off the plain unadorned body, not if you're a corporate advertiser. You need that covered up body, erased from all reality by artificial chemicals and materials, by make-up and style. Who's the hypocrite here? Who is really making all the bucks off Miss America's face and body? Not the magazine that ran nudes of her. That's a one shot, nothing much in that for anyone, but a lot of companies had Miss America lined up to pitch their products and all good moral Americans know that Miss America doesn't have a body; she's not even allowed to date all year, just smile for the cameras and hold out the junkola. What's truly hypocritical and fraudulent is that Miss America is not for sale. You don't [illegible]y her; you [illegible]y the produc

she's pushing, be it a Revlon Lipstick or a Jantzen swinsuit. That's what bugs corporate America--you can't make anything off a naked Miss America. Penthouse just picked a lot of pockets by defusing the Miss America mystique.

Women should be applauding. It's not Penthouse that is doing it to Miss America. She already did it to herself. It's not degrading to appear nude; it's degrading to appear and be nothing but an extension of some useless product. It's degrading to participate in a scam that rips off millions of women by making them feel they are inferior because they don't have the standard-sized body required by the contest rules. It's degrading to watch this series of yearly contests that truly degrade and rip off young women who are not yet old enough to decide for themselves whether they want to participate in the public auction block which is the modern beauty contest. These contest people are such liars and hypocrites--if the body wasn't what it was all about, then you would see all kinds of women up there, fat, thin, freckled, bald, etc. The body is all they care about and the physical requirements of the contests far transcend any other qualifications. If you haven't that body, noone cares if you can sing a disco song in tune or play a violin solo. If you haven't got those sloping shoulders and that vaseline smile, no one cares what your hobbies are--face it, folks, the contest is a meat market and the meat must look thus and so for the rich buyer. Beauty contests feed into the corporate market structure--women as living mannikins. Women participate in those contests for the money and the opportunity to meet prospective wealthy husbands; the rest is bullshit and we all know it. They make chumps out of all their nonstandard sisters who are conned into buying products they are told will help them measure up to the beauty queens. You ask a woman, "does Miss America make you feel insecure?" and she says, "not really, there are only a handful of women who look like that." Yes, but that handful is given special treatment and rewarded with a lot of goodies for exploiting everyone else and no one seems to ask why this should be and why it should be allowed to continue.

You know, I frequently hear around Berkeley how Playboy and the other men's mags exploit women by using them as sex objects, but in those mags there is nothing but the model, showing off her body in various poses designed to stimulate sexual activity; those women are just what they are; models hired to show their sex. They are not trying to con anyone into buying lipstick or hair conditioner or bust pads or some bedsheets (I always have to laugh at the Macy's ads, because there is never any reason for that model to be in that bed, but she is always there--isn't the suggestion being made that she is for sale, that she comes with the bed? Isn't that what the buyer is supposed to think in the darkness of his own mind? Of course, it is.); simply, there is no deception being practiced in a man's mag; those photo fantasy spreads are what they are, tittilation, nothing more; but a diet Pepsi ad on the tube, that is something else again--think there isn't a lot of suggestive sexual innuendo going on there? Think that's a straw that model is sucking? Think all those quick peeks at bare flesh are accidental? Don't you think if you drink diet Pepsi, you'll get laid more often? Don't you get an erection, guys, just passing the diet-Pepsi section in the grocery store? Hell, that run of diet-Pepsi ads is a lot more erotic and stimulating than a few grainy shots of Miss America in the buff any day.

You have to laugh at this whole mock royalty trip anyway. If she was a real queen, they couldn't take away her crown. Since they can arbitrarily rip it off her when she doesn't lick the right boots, she's not queen in fact, but in fiction only. In fact, she is nothing but a front for a group of corporations who get to take turns



selling their product in association with her All American image. Her image now tarnished, they'll simply toss her away and replace her with the runner-up, who is, as one dull wit said, "luckily black, too." Just think, if some hot nudes of the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate were to be found, Diane Feinstein would be back in the running. Beauty contests or political contests, we're talking high-level manipulation, exploitation of the numbnuts masses who believe the manufactured "news" they see on t-v is what is really going on in this country.

What's happened is that Guccione just stole the goose that laid the golden egg and the corporate giant is mad. You have to imagine Hefner being envious, too; after all what are a soap opera star and a 50s teen star compared to Miss Clean America? It's a game, you know, the whole men's mag trip, like frat boys chalking one up on their walls when they score, only Guccione and Hefner and the guys play it on an international level. Big points for celebrity nudes. Hef was ahead in August when he had Terry Moore playing with herself in Playboy, but Guccione now pulls into the lead with this Miss America coup. What next guys? Dolly Parton? Miss Universe? You know why celebrity nudity is such a big deal, don't you? Makes the ordinary nerd feel superior. She sees Jackie O's boobs in SCREW and she says, hey, I've got better boobs that that and she walks tall that week. Some other nerd sees that quick shot of Richard Gere's schlong in American Gigolo and he says, hey, my wang's bigger'n that, and he walks tall all week. It's understandable since we live in a time when the rich have so much more than the rest of us and they show it off all the time on t-v and most ordinary people know they are never going to have anything like what those rich folks take for granted, so they have to have small things to compensate, little symbolic pleasures like hearing about some tycoon who has a fleet of Rolls Royces, but can't get it up. Papers like the NATIONAL ENQUIRER and the STAR have made a fortune on giving the little guy the satisfaction of knowing the dirt about the rich. Who was it who said, "whether you're rich or poor, it's always nice to have money?"